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EVENING

By CHARLES WARREN EATON

Courtesy American Art Gallery

Opening of the American Art Gallery

By AGNES GERTRUDE RICHARDS

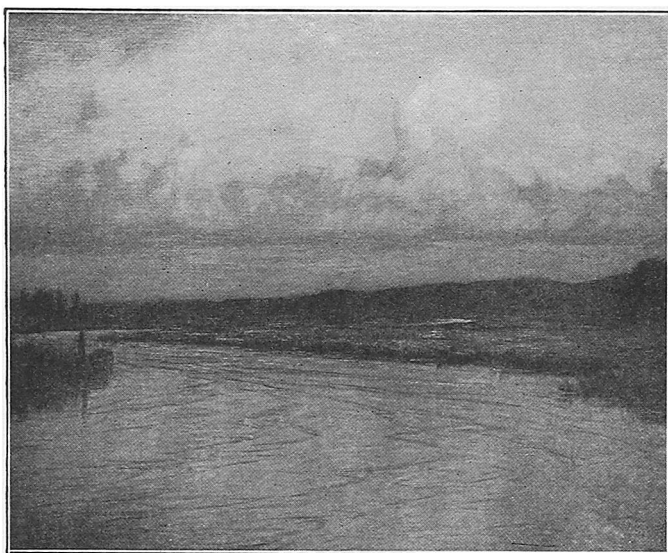
WITH the opening of the American Art Gallery we have another evidence that Chicago is in line with the spirit of the times, which is one of recognition and encouragement of native genius. Not that this gallery excludes the modern offerings of other lands, but that their interest and purpose is to foster American art and develop the home market therefor.

The unique location of this gallery in the Postal Telegraph building seems at first a bit away from the beaten path of the art lover. However, it is in the heart of the financial district where the pulse of commerce may most readily be detected. The close proximity of the Board of Trade gives a tone and character to the surrounding buildings and their tenantry that should render an art gallery a bright spot in the

day's strenuous interests of big business, an oasis of beauty in a desert of money-making activity. Such a location is unheard of in Chicago heretofore and perhaps in the world.

Its sentiments and aims are foreshadowed in the quotation from an article by Birge Harrison in Scribner's Magazine, which has been chosen as an introduction to the catalog of its first exhibition. This statement is so interesting and from such a high authority that it will bear another repetition here. Referring to the European war Mr. Harrison says:

"In so far as the fine arts are concerned, the great world tragedy, if it had to come at all, came as it happened at an opportune moment—for the art balance of the world has been shifting of late. At the present moment America is beginning to lead the

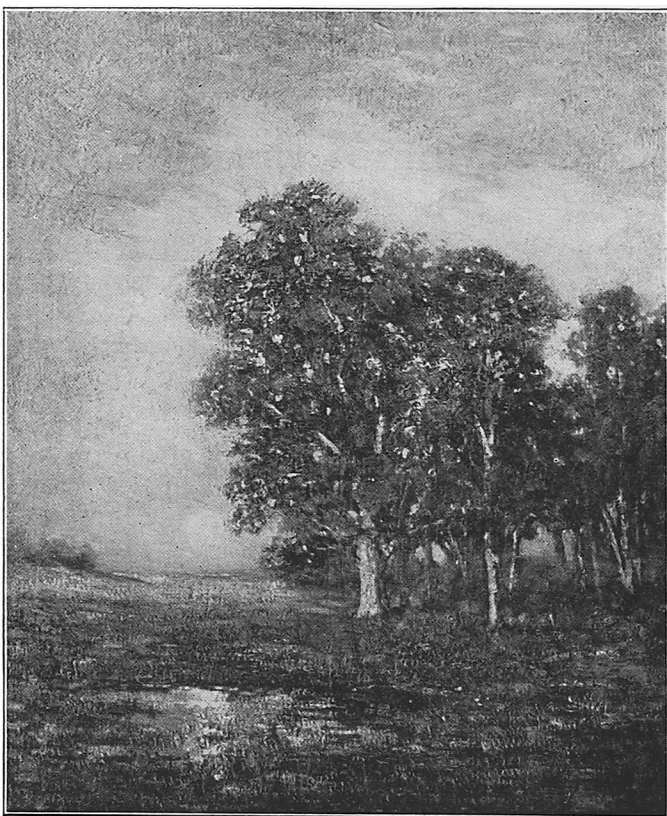


THE PINK CLOUD
By BIRGE HARRISON, N. A.

Courtesy American Art Gallery

might even be held to be creditable in view of a certain widely diffused opinion in regard to our national modesty; but it is no longer *necessary*, and it is no longer justified by the facts. Unfortunately, it is reflected only too clearly in the hesitating character of the official recognition of American art in America. It is true that there has been some recent improvement in this respect, but it also is true that in the matter of national and municipal patronage of native art we still lag far behind the smallest European nations."

world in art. In the departments of landscape-painting, of portraiture, of the small bronze, she more than holds her own, and in the other arts, of figure-painting, of sculpture and of architecture, competent and unprejudiced judges generally place her on a footing of equality with her European competitors. But it is a curious thing that this rising star of American art is seen less clearly at home than it is abroad. For generations we Americans have regarded ourselves as mere students at the feet of the great European masters. And, now that the balance has changed, it is difficult for us to reconstruct our point of view, to recognize the fact which is recognized by others, that the student has himself at last become a master. This doubting attitude is national in its scope, and it



THE HARVEST MOON
By ARTHUR HOEBER, A. N. A.

Courtesy American Art Gallery

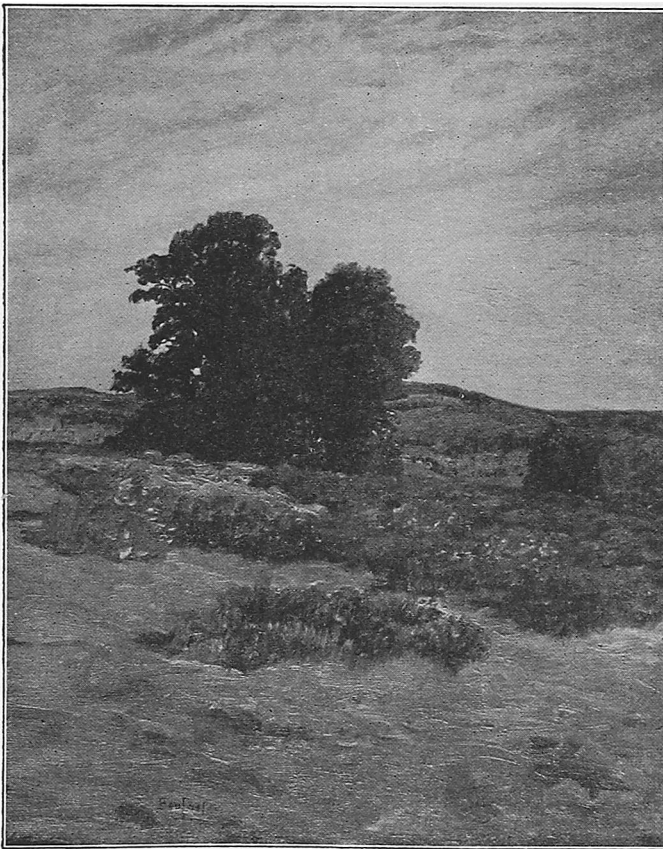
It is just such conditions which the American Art Gallery hopes to be a factor in changing, and with this end in view its present exhibition is of a representative collection of the works of our most noted native painters in their happiest moments of expression.

Among them is a remarkable picture by Birge Harrison himself, entitled *The Pink Cloud*, which formerly constituted a portion of the permanent collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. One of the great



DECEMBER TWILIGHT
By CHAS. H. DAVIS, N. A.

Courtesy American Art Gallery

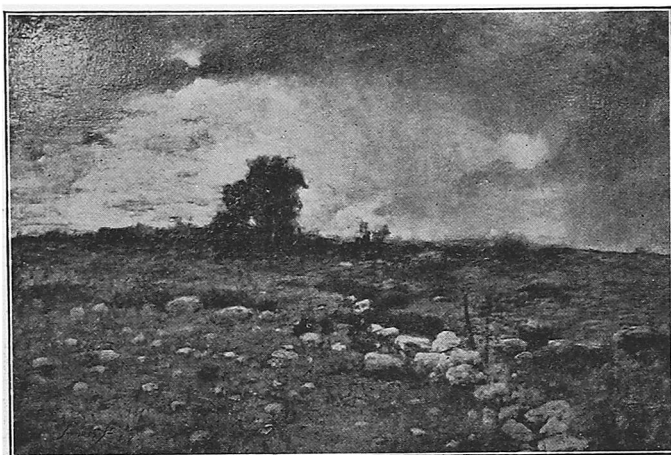


SOLITUDE
By BEN FOSTER, N. A.

Courtesy American Art Gallery

beauties of this study of nature in a most alluring mood is the feeling of immeasurable distance between the pink cloud and its rosy reflection in the water's depths below. Even in the illustration we receive this impression so masterfully suggested in so small a space.

The color charm is not less alluring than the sense of bigness in this canvas, for *The Pink Cloud* is not one of those gay new pictures which make one feel that they lack tone. Rather it is supremely successful in the possession of this quality and of most restful harmony, the rosy tinged cloud and its answering reflection affording a touch of lovely color in an otherwise quiet scheme of gray-toned twilight. This picture is certainly one of Harrison's best and deserving of the high honors which have been accorded it. Another beautiful reflection of



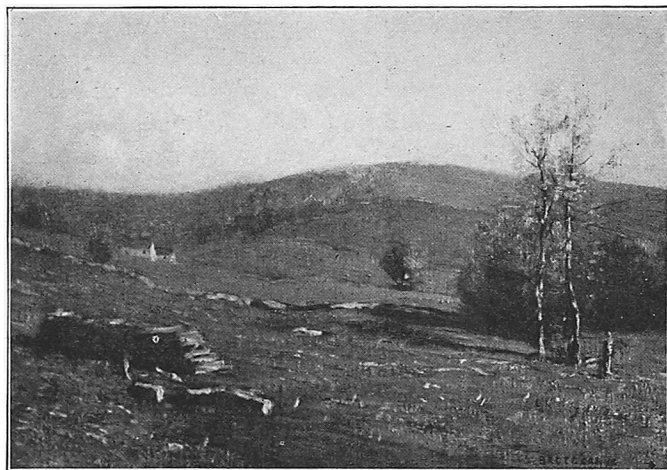
A SHOWERY DAY
By GEORGE INNESS, JR., N. A.

Courtesy American Art Gallery



MIDSUMMER NIGHT
By GEORGE H. BOGERT, A. N. A.

Courtesy American Art Gallery



GOLDEN AUTUMN
By BRUCE CRANE, N. A.

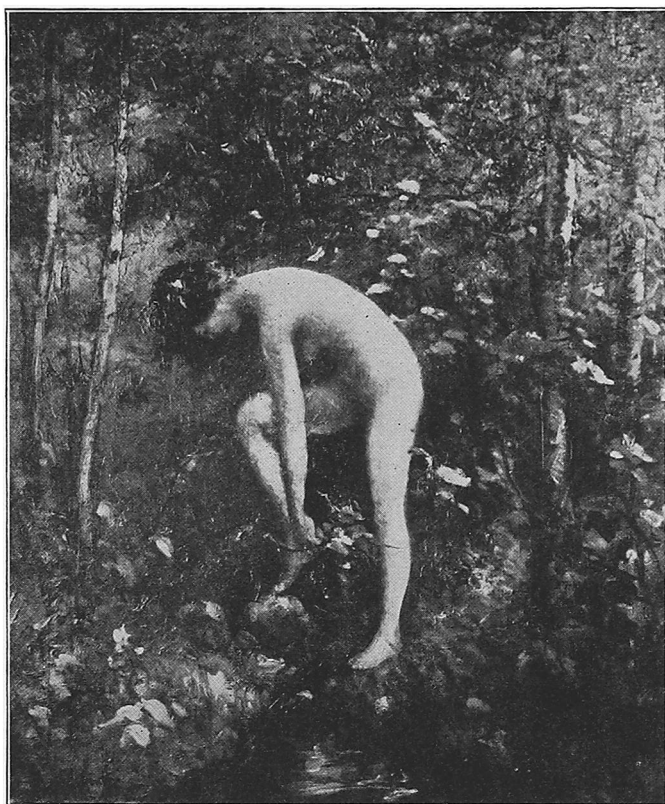
Courtesy American Art Gallery

"Him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms" is *Solitude* by Ben Foster, a picture to which the observer is instinctively drawn again after inspecting the exhibition. Simplicity and harmony have here combined to weave the spell of enchantment. There is so little and yet so much in the picture, just a clump of trees, a gently rising hill and the cloud-streaked sky and yet in that is all outdoors. The prevailing direction of the cloud streaks and the little loose tossing branches at one side of the tree tops give the feeling of a passing breeze. The colors are those of early autumn or very late summer, full dull green, yellow browns and touches of frosty reds. Though broadly handled the picture is as clear and beautiful in effect, when viewed at a little distance as a smooth cut, polished gem. Nature's eternal calm and majesty are felt in every detail. It is the kind of work which one can live with and grow to love.

Of similar character is Charles H. Davis' *December Twilight*, which is seemingly a study of winter in a mild clime, perhaps Virginia or some other of the southern states. Its rather warm browns and brownish greens are more like those of October than of December as we know her. Country and time alike suggest a good day for duck hunting and indeed birds of some rather large

NYMPH OF THE
WOODLANDS
Courtesy American Art Gallery

By LILLIAN M. GENTH,
A. N. A.



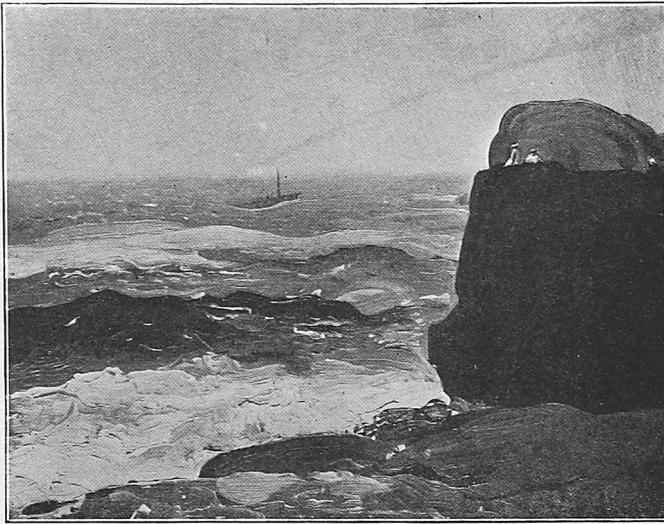
variety give a touch of life against the sky above. The little boat at the water's edge introduces a human interest without disturbing the theme by the introduction of a figure. Here too the artist comes nearest being a colorist for everything is reduced to a color scheme of satisfying harmonies.

A typical Bruce Crane, to be observed in this collection, is *Golden Autumn* with its familiar wood lot and corded wood for the old fashioned fireplace. There is much of the sentiment of a J. Francis Murphy about this picture, as in many Cranes, the trees at the right being particularly like Murphy. There are lovely stretches of green amid the yellowing grasses that autumn has gilded and the usual crisp feeling of early chill which only Jack Frost himself can excel this artist in producing.

E. Irving Couse is represented with one of the unmistakable canvases that have

won him fame as the greatest living painter of Indian anatomy. There is, however, more of the imaginative quality in *The Camp Fire* than one always finds in a Couse. In this respect it resembles the Pueblo Indian picture which was one of the sensations of the last exhibition of American art at the Institute. In such work the artist rises from a painter of anatomy to a painter of psychology.

It is a very natural and sympathetic representation of boyhood. The larger youth attempts a pipe of peace suggesting childhood's universal love of make believe in the hearts of the two little red skinned lads, playing at being the great braves which their fathers have been in the past and which they may be in the future. The red light of the camp fire glows upon their coppery skins making a fine contrast with the velvety forest shadows and the deep



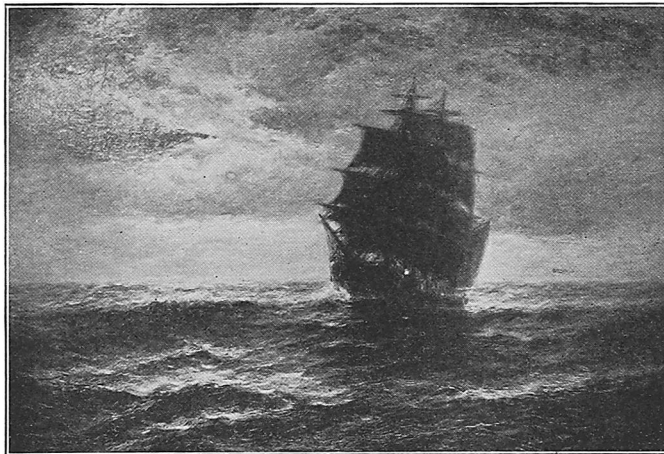
SUMMER SEA

By GEORGE WESLEY BELLOWS, N. A.



MIANUS RIVER

By T. V. C. VALENKAMPH



HOMEWARD BOUND

By LEONARD OCHTMAN, N. A.

blue of the starlit sky. The younger lad gazing into the flames with the stoicism of a thousand generations is an interesting epitome of his race. The canvas is in every way worthy of the man who, among the first to induce the Indian to pose, is now the first and foremost of Indian painters.

Among the marines of this exhibition are two forceful studies by George W. Bellows, one of which is here-with illustrated. *Summer Sea*, like all Bellows, is full of action, deep and wild and strong. It is more thoroughly gray in tone than most of his canvases and unrelieved by the vivid touches of color which he so loves to introduce. The technique is wonderfully fluent with a fine gradation of tone that suggests a use of the Margo colors, if not an actual adherence to the system.

A gray cool summer day with heavy swells of water and a mist rolling in toward the land is vividly visualized in the rush of the waves, the boat plowing through them and the vaporous canopy of the low-hung sky. The other marine in this collection is larger and has a touch of clear emerald water that only Bellows, or perhaps Robert Henri, could have colored. Against the rich and varied blacks of the Titanic rocks this splendid green is most effective. There are also touches of a dull yet glowing red among the rocks where

PAPER DOLLS
By ALICE SCHILLE

Courtesy American Art Gallery

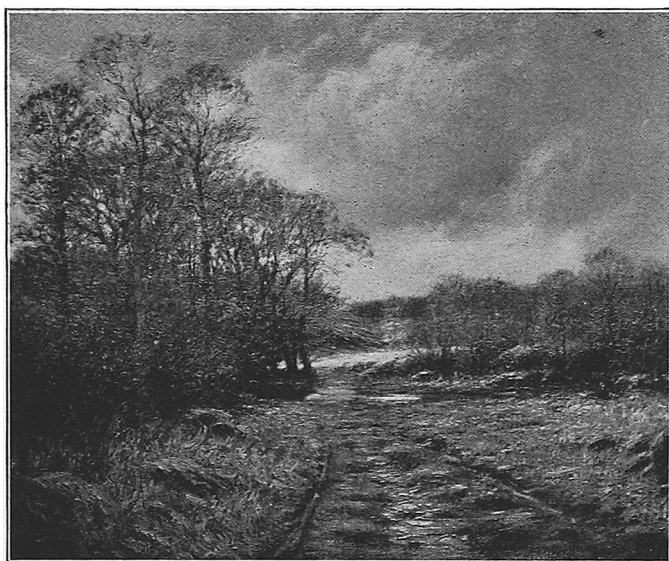


the water has washed against them and left them gleaming and wet. In both pictures Bellows has been most successful in realizing the tremendous power of the ocean as compared with that of smaller bodies of water.

A very different theme is George H. Bogert's *Mid Summer Night*, also here-with illustrated. It somewhat approaches a Blakelock in its technical expression, and, though the color is in a key not usual with Blakelock, it possesses his mastery of tone. It is an essentially mysterious picture of cold white moonlight and mist, with a sky of blue greens and grays above light brownish toned earth and trees. Except for paraphrasing Shakespeare it might have been called "Mid Summer Night's Dream," for it has indeed the dream quality of poetic unreality in a marked degree.

George Inness, Jr., is likewise poetic in

A Showery Day, which declares a heritage of taste and temperament refined by the association and training of his great father. Indeed, the father's greatness has always overshadowed the real ability of the son, who, if he followed his heredity and training to their ultimate and natural expression, might be accused of plagiarism, and who in avoiding this has no doubt oftentimes hampered his art. The work under discussion is one of the best instances of the younger Inness happily avoiding both difficulties. The scene, though somewhat somber, has a peculiarly agreeable restraint of color and the effect of the trailing cloud with rain-fringed edges which sweeps the stony hillside pasture is particularly fine. Beyond this cloud the heavens seem to open with a golden well of glowing light such as old masters employed as a setting for descending angels or ascending Deity.



FLYING CLOUDS

By W. MERRITT POST, A. N. A.

Courtesy American Art Gallery

Evening by Charles Warren Eaton arrests attention with its line of tall, slender stemmed trees, such as are often to be observed along canals in France and Belgium, their bare trunks with a brush of branches at the top giving considerable effect of height to the composition. The moon hidden by the foliage is reflected in a pale cold streak in the dark waters of the canal and the entire picture is in a peculiar brownish green tone which simulates a warm, moist, moonlit evening with a threat of rain. A towpath is to be discerned along the near side of the canal inside a row of trees, similar to those upon the opposite bank. This canvas is reminiscent of Eaton's exhibition at the Institute last fall, being much like some of his evening studies in the Italian lake country.

A very large and important canvas is *Nymph of The Woodlands* by Lillian M. Genth. The illustration un-

fortunately has lost some of the finer points of the painting, whose elusive charm evades the camera. It is typical of the art of Lillian Genth at its highest expression. All the innocent joy of life, all the sweet unity of humanity and nature, all the charm of exquisite beauty with pure unconsciousness and modest isolation are in this exquisite slender figure against the background of the forest depth, spotted with sun through the lattice work of leaves. The beautiful nude seems here as much a part of nature as some fair pink and white waxen bloom

of the deep woodland shades. This artist has indeed achieved the ultimate in painting the nude out of doors, a difficult feat in the attempting of which artists often produce pictures that do not ring true. Here, however, is perfect harmony. The most literal mind does not stop to inquire into the whys of the matter, so utterly ap-

A BERKSHIRE BROOK
By WALTER C. HARTSON

Courtesy American Art Gallery

appropriate does the figure seem to its setting and the setting to the figure. The leaf shadows and sunlight on the soft flesh are indescribably lovely and the red employed in the shadows of the flesh tone is peculiar to this artist. The picture is painted with a full, rich pigmentuousness that imparts depth and substance and this, together with the isolation and refinement of its subject constitute its greatest charm.

A Berkshire Brook by Water C. Hartson is one of the essentially pleasing pictures which command general admiration. Subject and color are alike of the obviously beautiful kind, which everyone recognizes at sight as charming. It would be unfair to question any artist's right to choose the most promising aspects of nature for his pictures. If he does justice to nature at her best he may even be congratulated upon his choice. *A Berkshire Brook* is well painted with a generous and various palette and considerable attention to detail. It may be a bit less poetic than the other Hartson in this collection, but it is none the less a striking and beautiful picture.

Arthur Hoeber, known to many chiefly as the art critic of the New York Evening Globe, proves his title to distinction as an artist with *The Harvest Moon*, herewith illustrated. It is a nice poetic moonlight scene in the full tide of summer. The moon is rising palely gold over the greenish gold of the fields. The trees are in their most abundant leaf, standing quiet in the soft night air, and there is an effective suggestion of reflected moonlight in the meadow pool of the foreground.

The prospect across a stream is generally attractive and this has been fully realized by Leonard Ochtman in *Mianus River*. Herein we look across a stretch of fresh light green in the foreground, as of winter wheat or a stubblefield with springing second growth, to a river marsh with yellowed grasses, and further still to the gray blue stream and the opposite bank with its

white and red houses, autumn crimsoned trees and gilded hills. It is a typical bright, crisp, frosty New England morning, the world sparkling back to the sky in clear light tones.

W. Merritt Post records an evanescent and delightful effect of shifting light and cloud shadows in his *Flying Clouds*. The impression of distance in this picture is also clever, the eye following the roadway back into the heart of the landscape and beyond.

Two childhood pictures by Alice Schille are worthy of more than passing comment. One of them here illustrated has all the naive charm of childhood as the sturdy little girl industriously wields the scissors, her tongue in her plump cheek betokening complete concentration on the task in hand. Upon the flowered tapestry couch behind her, her really, truly, big doll lies neglected for the rapture of creative effort. The subject is beautifully handled with all of Alice Schille's usual bigness of style and sweeping brush work. The child is most truthfully presented and her vigorous little body is so well modeled that we feel the life and activity beneath the fluffy white clothing. The second picture is an outdoor scene with drifting clouds and a procession of children. It has a wonderful buoyancy and sparkle as of youth itself. Her water colors of *The Melon Markets* are also intensely interesting studies full of color and action.

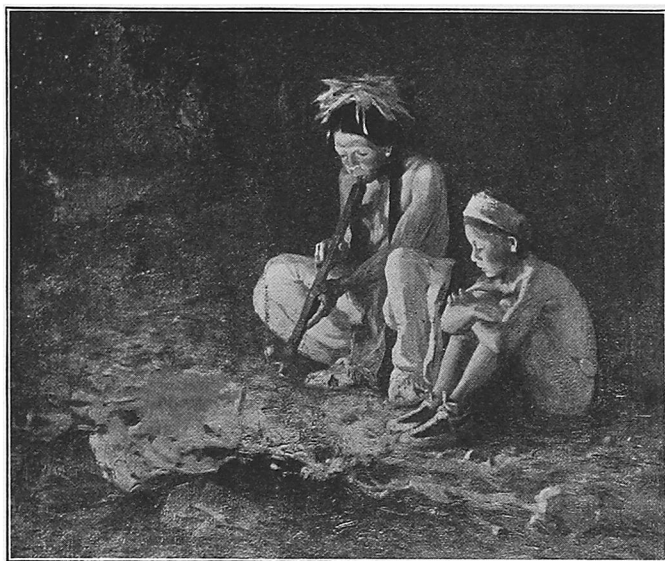
Over swelling seas the old type of sail boat comes winging out of the past on full and spreading sails in the splendid marines of T. V. C. Valenkamph. So faithfully are they painted that those who know can tell if they be barque, brigantine or ship, for never a detail is missing. They are not, however, mere studies of old time sailing craft but strong and beautiful pictures by a man who knows the sea as only a sailor can. Valenkamph is a sailor as well as an artist, and in the latter profession self taught. He was born in Sweden and his talents early attracted the patronage of the

Swedish government which gave him an appointment in the marine service and rendered him every opportunity for study. He sailed before the mast for eight years, during which time he traveled the seas widely, making hundreds of studies of boats and of water under varying conditions of light and atmosphere, a training of which he has made good use in his art.

In *Homeward Bound* we seem to stand on shore and watch our ship come back under full sail, and no doubt laden with the profits of a successful cruise. A gleam of red light from amidships is reflected dully upon the dark waters, giving a nice

touch of color in the scheme of night upon the waves.

The American Art Gallery is the outgrowth of a private collector's growing enthusiasm for native art. For years the suite which it now occupies in the Postal Telegraph Building was the busy offices of a broker. Gradually art superseded all other interests and a desire to encourage American art became paramount. Its collections have been assembled carefully and with thought and taste by a man whose acquaintance among artists has made it possible to present in this exhibition the best examples of the work of our most gifted painters.



THE CAMP FIRE
By E. IRVING COUSE, N. A.

Courtesy American Art Gallery